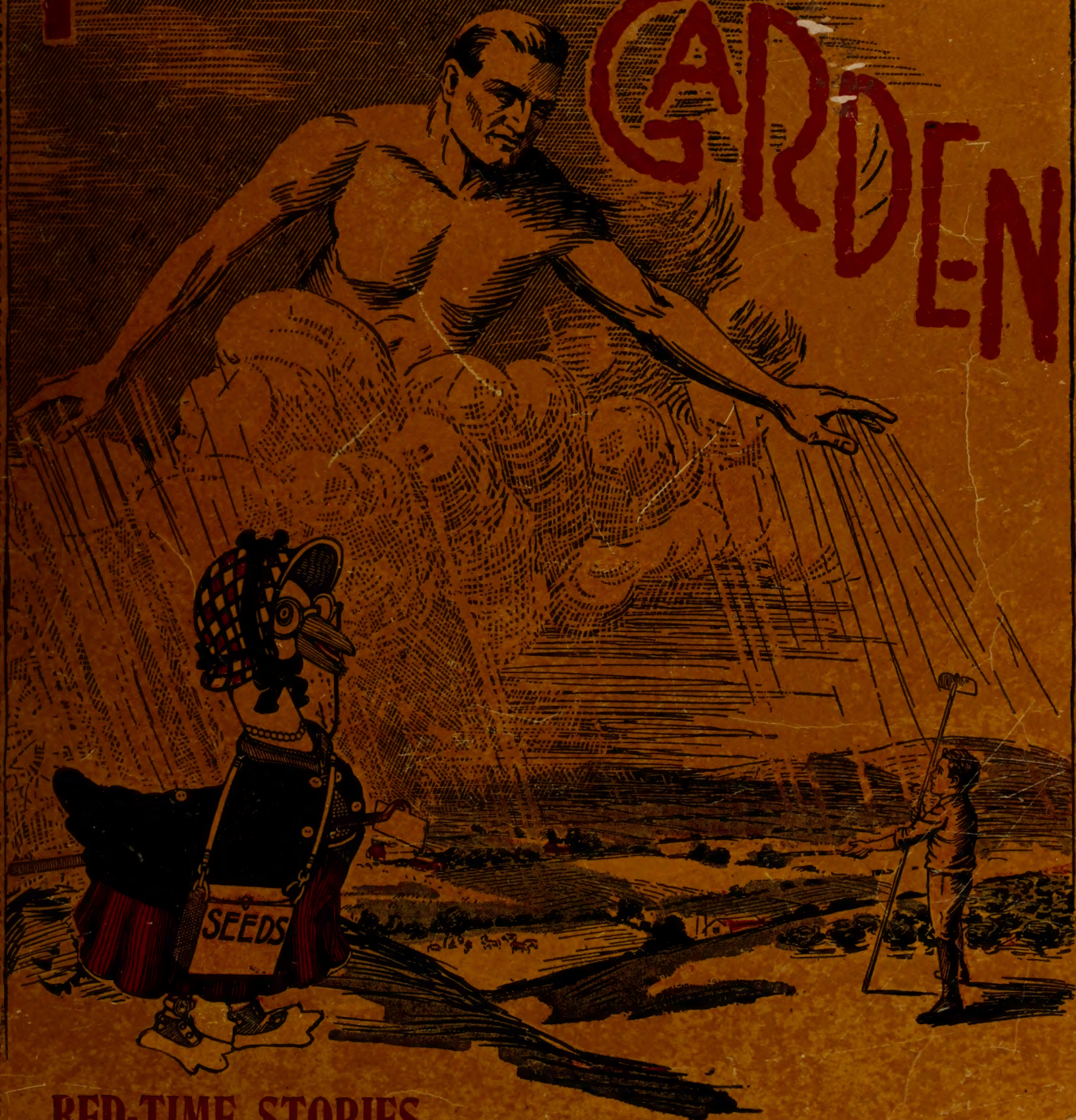


MOTHER GOOSE'S GARDEN



BED-TIME STORIES

CARROLL F. SMYTH



BED-TIME STORIES

MOTHER GOOSE'S GARDEN.

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NEW NATIONAL LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN

Endorsed by the Highest Authorities in America

Funny Pictures, Original Characters
and Jolly Stories

Teaching Valuable Lessons in
Citizenship, Thrift and Production

Originated by CARROLL F. SMYTHE

Mothers, Teachers—Read these Stories to the Children

Read All FOUR Mother Goose's Garden Books

"You have now read one of my Books. Be sure and read the other three. You can tell the different Books by looking at the bottom of the front cover for the

Garden Stories
Bed-time Stories

Animal Stories
Fairy-tale Stories

You will be delighted with every one of these Books. They are packed full of big laughs and little chuckles. Ask your Book-store Man for another one to-day."

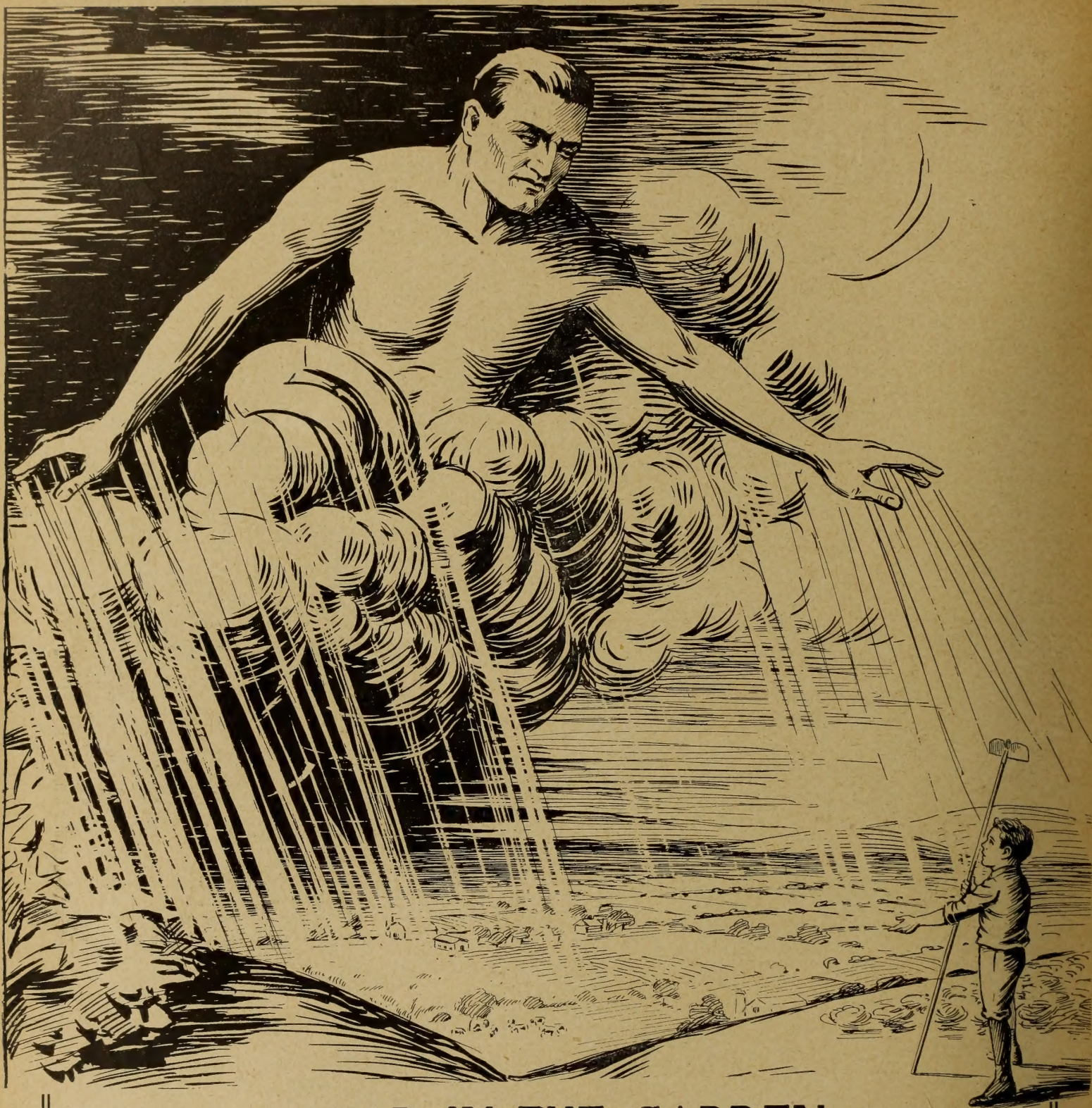
MOTHER GOOSE

E. & H. McLEAN
PUBLISHERS

101 Peterkin Building, TORONTO, CAN.



Mother Goose's Garden.

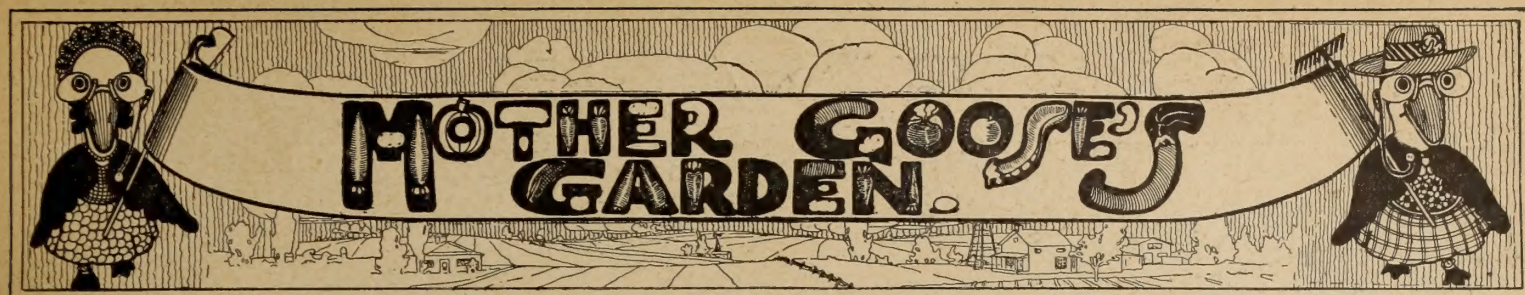


A-LAD-IN THE GARDEN

The Story of the Picture on the Front Cover

YOU remember that wonderful story of Aladdin in your book of fairy tales. Perhaps you also remember how often you have wished that you might borrow Aladdin's magic power. It was quite easy for Aladdin ; all he had to do was rub a magic lamp and presto !—quickly, just like that—a wonderful Spirit rose up to do his bidding. That Spirit was a very obliging fellow to have around the house, for he brought Aladdin money, pleasure—everything he asked for—without delay and without cost.

And yet, O Boy in your War Garden, you have to-day a more wonderful gift than that of Aladdin. As you work patiently and patriotically with your hoe, even Aladdin might look upon you with envy.



You are A-LAD-IN THE GARDEN. As you rub the Earth with your Hoe the wonderful Spirit of GROWTH rises to do your bidding. GROWTH is your slave every moment of your busy day. You have rubbed the Earth with Hoe, Spade and Rake. The tiny seeds have been placed in the furrows.

"GROWTH, bring us Food !" is your command.

Under the kindly touch of warm wind, sun and rain, the barren brown fields spring golden with wheat—as far as the eye can reach. Wheat, oats, corn, barley, rye are waving in response to the magic touch of Nature. Far-stretching fields of flax rise to furnish us with wings for airplanes that will darken the skies like great flights of birds.

America's gardens are green with vegetables, and orchards without number are full of fruit.

The extra food from the extra effort of A-Lad-In the Garden feeds millions fighting overseas, feeds millions who labor at home to keep them fighting overseas. The greatest victory in the history of the world will be won largely because America had A-Lad-In the Garden to help produce food.

What a wonderful Spirit is the Spirit of Growth !

And Growth is the slave of A-Lad-In the Garden.



OLD MAN RAIN

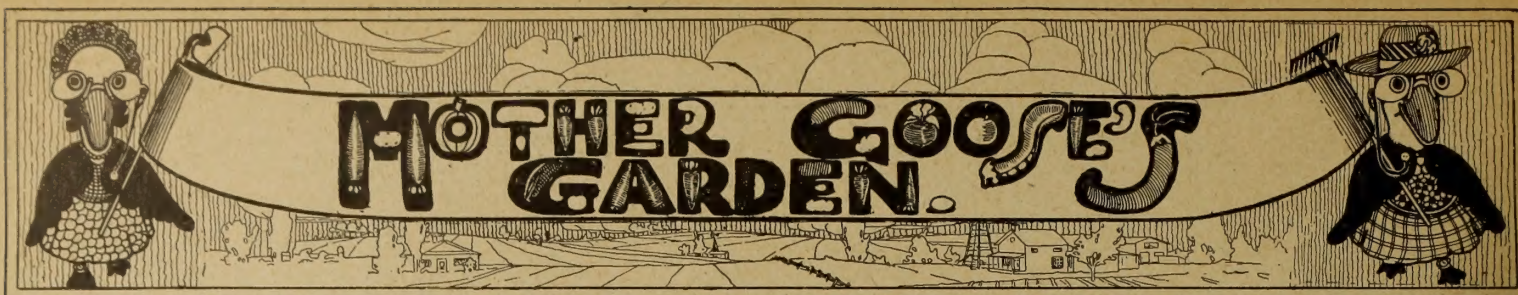


ERE is Old Man Rain—up in the sky ready to water your gardens every year.

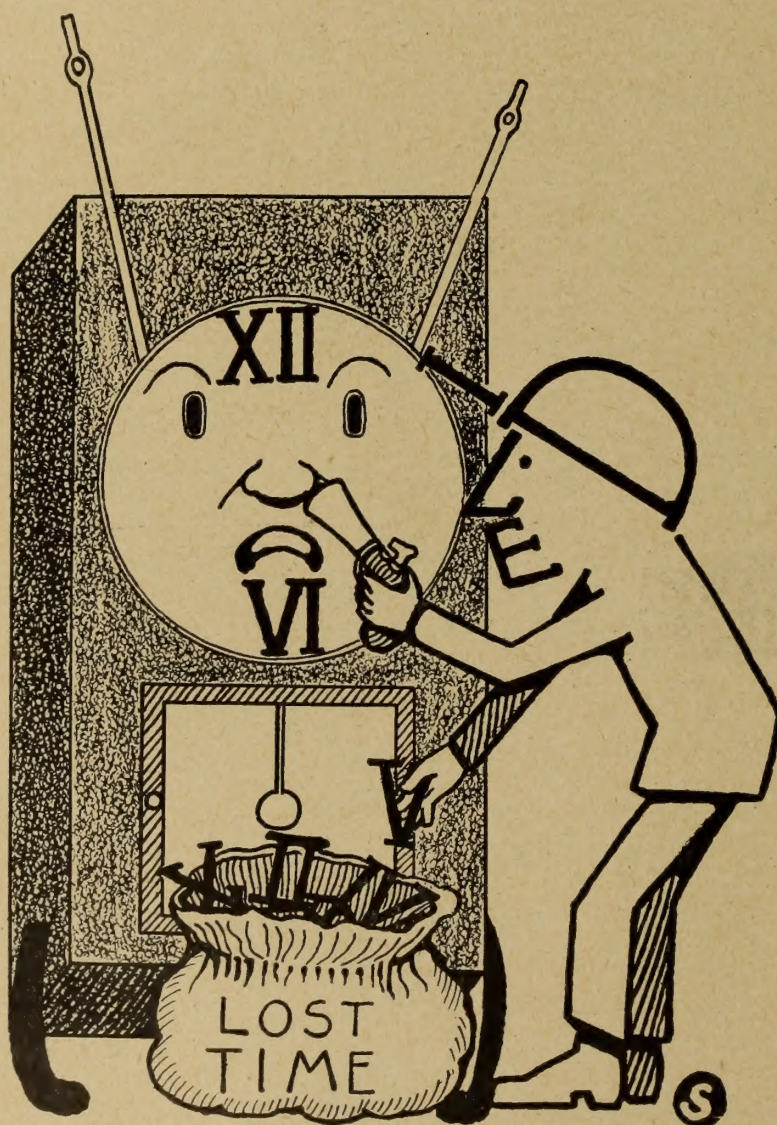
Old Man Rain is a helpful old fellow—even if he did spoil some of your picnics and ball games last year. He is going to make up for it this year.

Old Man Rain has just drifted back from the war. He was hiding one of our airplanes so that it could surprise the enemy from the air. The enemy shot at him and hit him in very many places. His left foot was shot loose ; it drifted over Scotland ; his right foot went over England ; his heart went out to troubled Ireland, and his good right arm went to help France. But his big watering can drifted over to America, where it is needed every year to water the gardens. Old Man Rain soon pulled himself together again and followed his big watering can to America.

Don't be afraid when you hear Old Man Rain working in his workshop up in the sky. He turns the heavy wheels to squeeze the water out of the clouds—and the machinery rumbles. He uses electric power in his workshop, and often you see the flashes. Don't be frightened. Rake, spade and hoe your gardens. Plant your seeds. Old Man Rain will help you make your gardens grow.



IDLE IKE, THE HOUR STEALER



*Idle Ike, I Dislike,
He Steals My Hours Away ;
He Won't Work, He Will Shirk
His Duty Every Day.*

THIS ODD-LOOKING MAN, stealing the hours from the Clock, is IDLE IKE. Some day he will ask you to help him ; perhaps he may want you to hold the bag ; but don't you do it.

See the scared look on the white face of the poor old clock. The clock's hands are up. He sees that IDLE IKE has a pistol to help him kill time. The clock is too frightened to strike.

Jingle ! Jingle ! There goes five o'clock thrown into the burglar's bag. There is nothing left on the clock now but Dinner Time and Supper Time. IDLE IKE will leave those two hours on the clock, for he always wants to know when to eat. Eating is the only work he ever does.

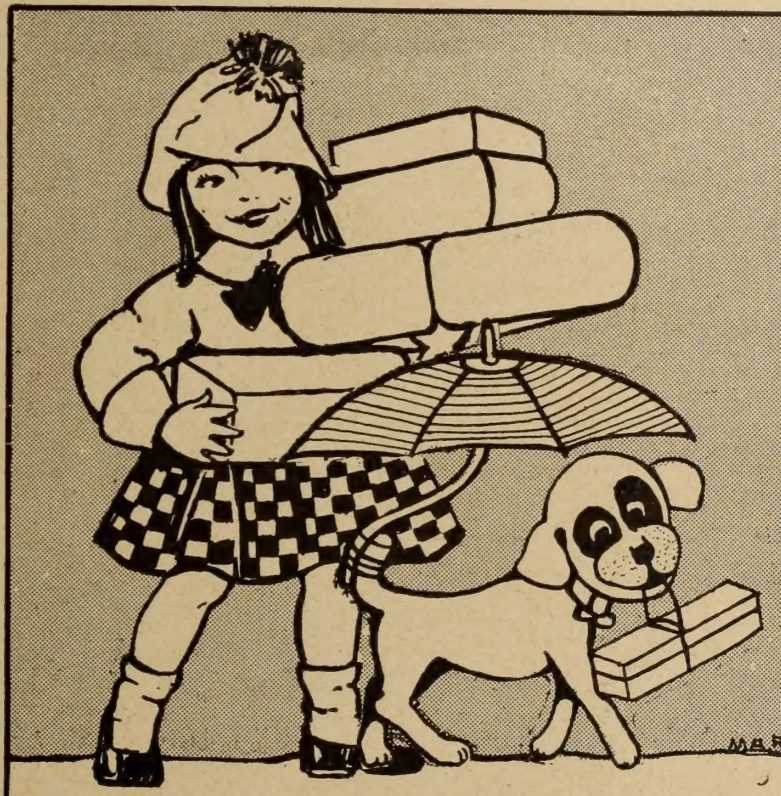
But what shall we eat if boys and girls are idle and do not grow food in their gardens ? Without the children's gardens we might soon

become as thin as IDLE IKE. This is the year for all children to use all their spare hours in the garden. Work willingly and well. Don't let IDLE IKE steal any of your hours. Be busy and you will be healthy and happy.

Look closely at the man's cap and face. Can you find the letters of a word there ?



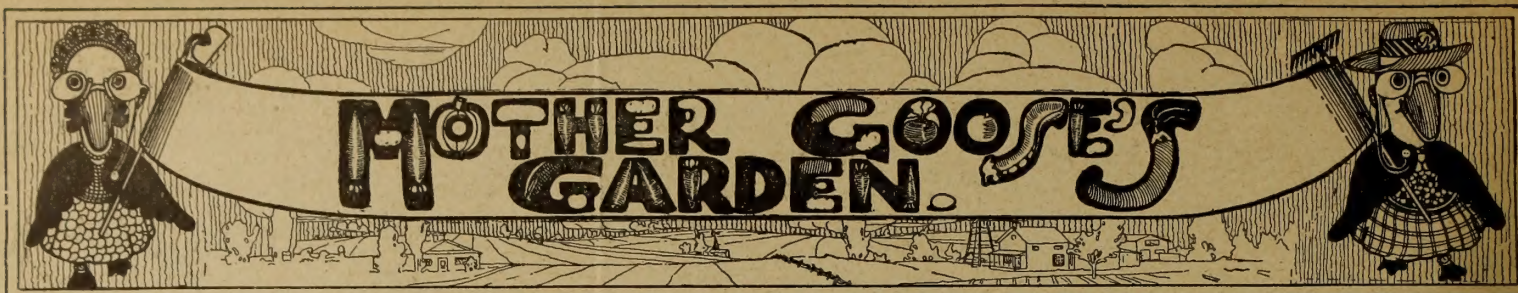
CARRIE CARRIES PARCELS



THIS little girl is called Carrie, because she carries parcels. Carrie can carry four parcels and a smile for a mile without dropping any of the parcels or the smile. She is happy because she knows she is doing her duty for our country. So is Mr. Wobbles, the Pup. He helps Carrie carry home parcels from the hardware store, but they won't let him carry anything from the butcher shop. Can you guess why?

On a grocery bill of \$25 it sometimes costs the grocer over a dollar to deliver the goods. Carrie takes the goods home to her mother and saves the charges for delivery. By carrying packages home for three months she saved enough to buy a pair of new shoes and stockings.

Follow the example of Carrie. Every time you carry a package home you are giving your country just that much of some storekeeper's time. This is one way in which children can Save and Serve for Victory.



THE COBBLER WHO SHOES THE HENS

PEOPLE OF THE STORY :

Daddy Glad—A Jolly, Little Old Cobbler

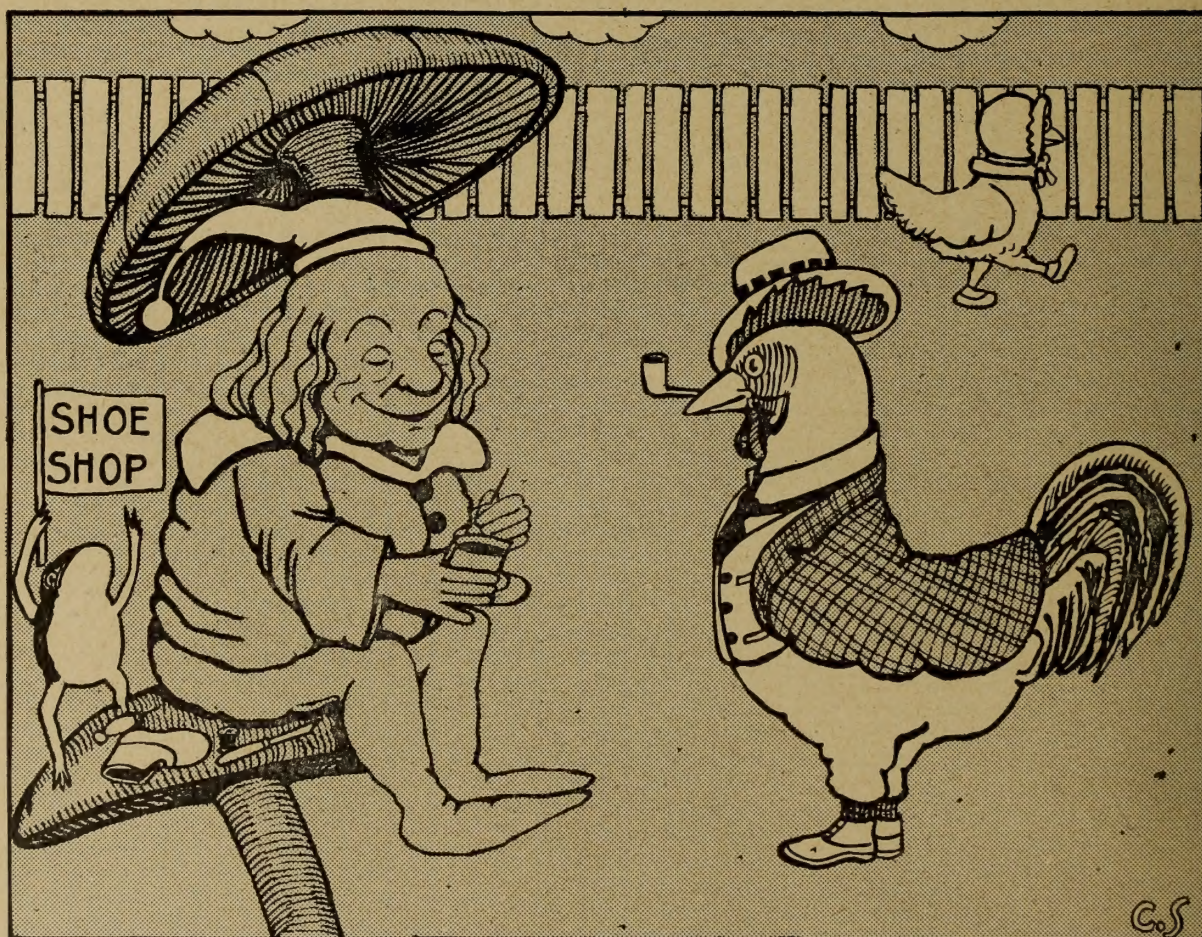
Granny Glad—The Cobbler's Wife

Reddy Rooster—A Hen-Pecked Husband

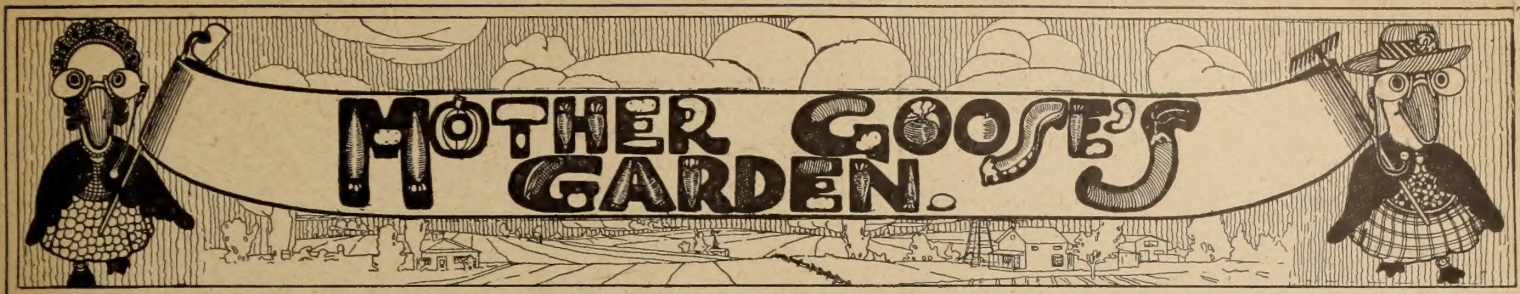
Henrietta Hen—His Wife, A Shell Worker

Miss Cackle—A Proud Chicken Who Struts in Her New Shoes

Freckles—The Frog



OVER across the sea in Ireland they tell wonderful stories about the Fairies. One of the stories told to the children is the famous old tale of the little old Cobbler who made shoes for Hens. They say that long ago, on a certain morning in Ireland, all the Hens came strutting out proudly in new shoes. Now then, if the Fairies could find a Cobbler to make shoes for the Hens of Ireland, why can't we have a cobbler to make shoes for the hard-working Hens of this country? Here is a little story telling what we might expect if we had a Shoe Shop for Hens over here :



"Oh, the trouble I've had is driving me mad," cried Granny Glad, "trying to shoo those Hens out of my garden ! "

" 'Tis too bad," said Daddy Glad, "but in a little while again you'll smile when you see a new idea from Ireland : I'm going to shoe those Hens with number tens ; then you'll not need to shoo like you used to do. Now look at me, for here you see the happy poultry Cobbler ; I'll make shoes for Cluck-Clucks, Geese and fat Ducks, and boots for the Turkey-Gobbler."

"We'll see how it works," said Granny, all smiles and smirks.

"Bring me a knife," he called to his wife. "Bring me a Toadstool for a Bench. Bring me a Hammer and a Wrench. Get me an Awl, some Thread and Tacks ; a Needle, Last, and a Ball of Wax."

She brought them soon, and humming a tune his stitches to quicken, he started a pair of slippers rare for a speckled chicken.

Because leather was so dear and scarce, the Cobbler used a Banana Skin to make a pair of slippers, very nice, but thin. Then he hung them up for sale, trimmed with the feathers from a Humming Bird's Tail.

"I'll take those slippers, quick !" cried a little chick, in delight at first sight of those slippers that night.

"Very well; I knew they'd sell," laughed the Cobbler, as he handed the slippers to Miss Cackle.

So Miss Cackle put them on her feet, trim and neat, and she paraded on the street before all the other Hens.

And every Hen right then became very, very envious of Miss Cackle.

With his tail feathers red and curly, Reddy Rooster came very early next morning to see the Cobbler.

"Daddy Glad," said Reddy Rooster, "will you please help a poor, hen-pecked husband ?"

"What can I do for you ?" inquired the busy Cobbler.

"My wife threatens to quit work as a shell worker, and she threatens to peck my left eye out if I don't get her a pair of new shoes, bright and gay, right away. It surely will fret her if I don't get her something better than the shoes of Miss Cackle."

"Tell me then, is Henrietta Hen a Worker or a Shirker ?" inquired the Cobbler.

"Henrietta is a good shell worker when she is contented. She produces plenty of eggs to help our Food Supply."

"Very good," remarked the Cobbler. "I'll make Henrietta a pretty high pair of shoes out of a nice mouse hide I got in to-day."

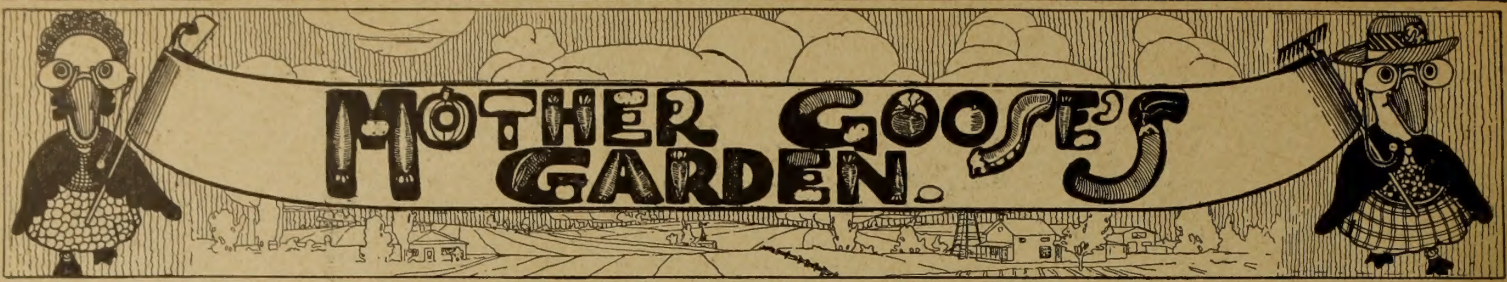
"Do you take Eggs same as Cash ?" inquired Reddy.

"Certainly," replied the Cobbler. "A dozen eggs for every pair. I want to make sure that only the workers get these shoes."

The shoes were made—and the eggs were laid and paid.

The Shoes of Henrietta Hen were such a success that all the Hens were laying eggs by ones and twos to buy themselves some pretty shoes.

"And bless your heart, the very best part," said the Cobbler to his wife, "is that I am saving the thing that kept you raving all your life. Now, with shoes on their feet these Hens can't scratch the vegetables out of our garden patch."



A SURPRISE FOR MR. AND MRS. RAT

PEOPLE OF THE STORY :

Mr. Cat—A Food Controller

Mr. and Mrs. Rat—Food Wasters

WHAT are you going to bring home for Sunday dinner?" asked Mrs. Cat, as Mr. Cat stepped on the back fence, ready to travel down town. "You know mother is coming from Catville to visit us."

"I am planning to have Mr. and Mrs. Rat with us for Sunday dinner," answered Mr. Cat with a smile and a wag of his wise old head. "I am getting tired of hearing about the way rats are stealing food from pantries. The more rats we can catch and eat the more food will be saved for our country. I've got a little surprise for Mr. and Mrs. Rat. I'll tell you all about it when I come home to-night."

Mr. Cat jogged along for a short distance on the fence; then he jumped down into a yard just back of a store. Here he soon finished the work he had been doing on a large rat trap, which he had discovered in a box. The trap was round like a mouse trap, only much larger and stronger. Inside the little round windows he baited the strong springs with pieces of bread, bacon and cheese. Above the windows he painted the word "Restaurant," and below he added "Tables for Ladies." When he had finished his work the little round house looked quite inviting.

Then he went to Mr. Grasshopper and he said, "I want to hire you to come and dance in my little round house. Mr. Cricket is going to play music and Mr. Frog is going to sing."

"—Yes, we'll all be there," promised Mr. Grasshopper, Mr. Cricket and Mr. Frog.

"That will catch Mr. and Mrs. Rat," chuckled Mr. Cat. "And when they stretch their necks in through the windows to steal food needed by the people, they'll get a surprise. Now I'll jump behind the trap and wait."

When Mr. and Mrs. Rat came along a few minutes later, Mr. Rat's nose told him that there was cheese nearby. So the nose followed the cheese, Mr. Rat following his nose, and Mrs. Rat followed Mr. Rat, until they both reached the nice little round house with the cute little round windows.

Mr. Grasshopper was dancing and prancing most entrancing. Mr. Cricket's music merrily rang, while old Mr. Frog loudly sang.

"What a happy, snappy little house!" cried out Mr. Rat. "Gracious sakes, better than cakes! Here's some cheese!" and he slapped his knees. "How glad I feel! Now watch me steal another meal."

And so the two wasteful rats stretched their thieving necks through the neat little, sweet little round windows to get the people's food.

"This place is so clean and bright I'll come here every night," said Mrs. Rat, as she took a careful nibble. Said the fat Mr. Rat, as he took off his hat, "This place is polished to a shine; it suits a chap. I like a place to dine that's full of SNAP."

Each rat took a very big bite—then in fright they squealed with all their might. SNAP! SNAP! closed the trap.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Cat, as he seized each squealing sinner; "you got a place with plenty of Snap—and I've got you both for dinner."



A HUNGRY ANIMAL!



ERE is a very, very Hungry Animal called the GARBAGE CAN.

Don't feed him.

He sits with his mouth open all day and all night behind every kitchen door, hoping that some thoughtless person will feed him.

Don't let him fool you.

If you would let him he would swallow our chance of Victory. Don't let him.



Food will win the war. Save it and grow it.

The leaner the Garbage Can gets the fatter our Allies in the War will get.

What the Garbage Can eats would feed many hungry children, over in the War countries.

Think of the poor, hungry children overseas. Think of the food needed to feed our Armies; think of the food needed everywhere at home—and don't feed the Garbage Can.

Don't throw away crusts of bread or scraps of meat. Don't pare thick peelings from the vegetables.

Save your waste paper; it can be sold and the funds used for war work. Old rubbers and old bottles can be sold and the money used to help win the war. Even old gloves that are worn out can be used to line warm trench vests for our soldiers fighting across the sea.

Much of the waste that the Garbage Can eats will feed a Pig; and a Pig means Bacon for our soldiers in the Trenches.

So, Children, when that Hungry Old Garbage Can asks for food again—think of the people who must be fed, and don't feed the Garbage Can.



MOTHER GOOSE'S GARDEN.



THE BOY IN THE BIG STRAW HAT



UNCLE TERENCE, what are you laughing at—my old, torn hat?" inquired the Boy In the Big Straw Hat.

"Not at all, my lad, not at all," said Uncle Terence. "I was laughing at the joke your old Straw Hat is playing on the proud War Helmet of a ruler who wants to Boss the World."

"Tell me about it," requested the Boy in the Big Straw Hat.

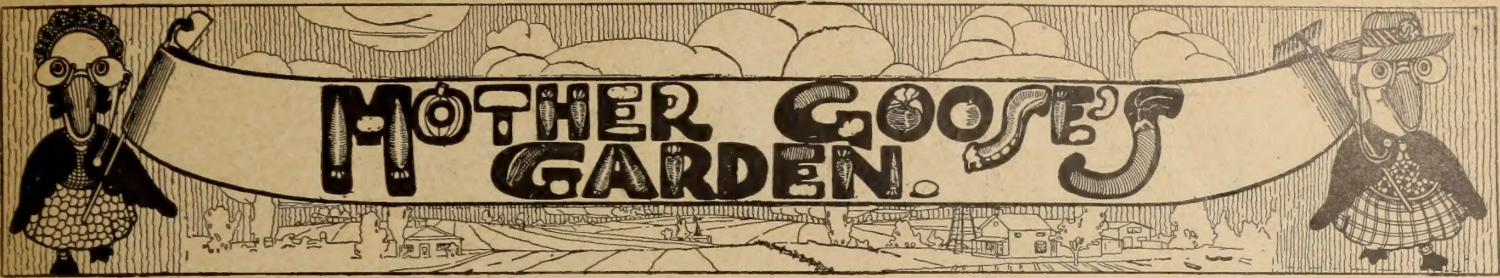
"Very well," agreed Uncle Terence. "And when you have heard the tale, pass it on to all the other boys who are growing the Food that will Win the War. The tale may give them great courage—and make them proud of their Big Straw Hats.

"One final day," began Uncle Terence, "the proud Emper-Roar of the Enemy sat in his Council Room with all his generals and hired men around the table. The hired girl, with a flannel rag, had just finished rubbing silver polish on the great spike in his helmet, and it shone like a silver pickle fork. My, but the Emper-Roar looked proud in his grand War Helmet with a couple of Eagles fastened in front, made of gold—my lad—made of solid gold. Around him, at the table, were all the grand war helmets of all his generals and admirals. These fine Hats of War sparkled like the front window of Jimmy O'Brien's jewelry store back home. The Helmets were all covered with silver, gold, diamonds and turkey feathers.

"Well, just when everybody was admiring the wonderful War Helmets, in walked a stern-looking old man, with long, white whiskers, wearing the finest war bonnet I've ever seen outside of Grandma Murphy's wedding hat. This old man's war bonnet was a long kind of a hat, something like a canoe, and it was covered with a lot of white stuff like your mother puts on the top of a cocoanut cake. On this bonnet there was also about half a bushel of waving plumes. When the old man with the fussy hat clicked his heels together and saluted, the Emper-roar looked at him sadly and said, 'What's the news from America, Admiral Von Turnips?'

"'Very bad—awful,' replied Admiral Von Turnips. 'We have lost the war—and the Allies win because they where joined by forces of the young King of the Garden.'

"'Who is this young King of the Garden?' roared the Emper-Roar, quite excited. 'My spies have told me nothing about him.'



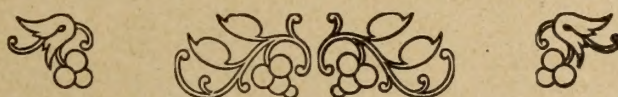
" 'Here is his picture,' says Admiral Von Turnips, handing over the photo of the Boy in the Big Straw Hat. 'Our northern spies tell us that he is King of the Garden Army of North America.'

" 'Impossible !' roared the Emper-Roar. 'Why, he is only a boy—and I counted ten freckles on his nose already, and beside my beautiful crown and my wonderful helmet—why, he wears only a torn old Straw Hat!'

" 'Maybe so, your Mad-chesty,' answered Admiral Von Turnips. 'Maybe the King of the Garden Army wears as a crown only a faded, old, ragged Straw Hat, but over in North America that Hat is more powerful than your shining Helmet of War. That Big Straw Hat stands for the Common People, Freedom, Loyalty to Country and Industry that produced the Food necessary for the Allies to win the war.'

" 'Your Mad-chesty, I guess you'll have to take off your helmet to the Boy in the Big Straw Hat.'

" 'Snickerauszumkeiterhoszig !' roared the Emper-Roar, as he rushed out to surrender.



"COME ON OUT, WILLY JONES!"

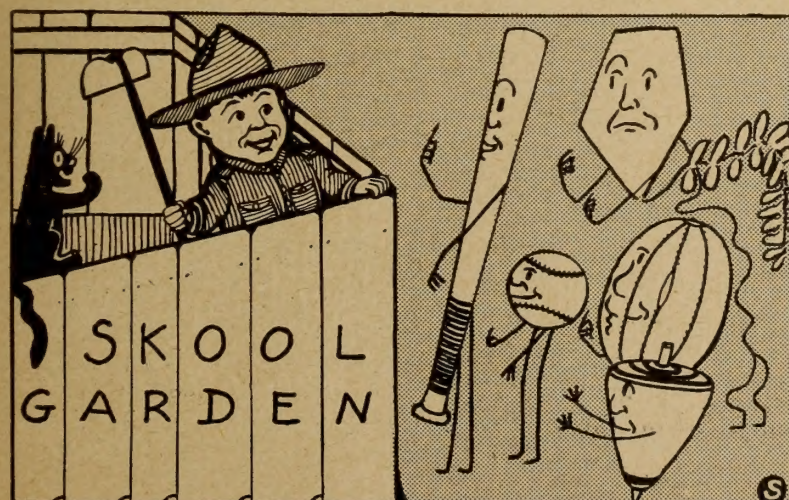
COME on out and make a long hit," said the Baseball Bat to Willy Jones.

"I'm too busy to-day in my war garden," replied Willy Jones. "I swing my hoe, and I am going to make a long hit that will be felt by the enemy across the sea. You know that food is going to be as good as bullets in driving the enemy back."

"Play with me for a little while," begged the kite.

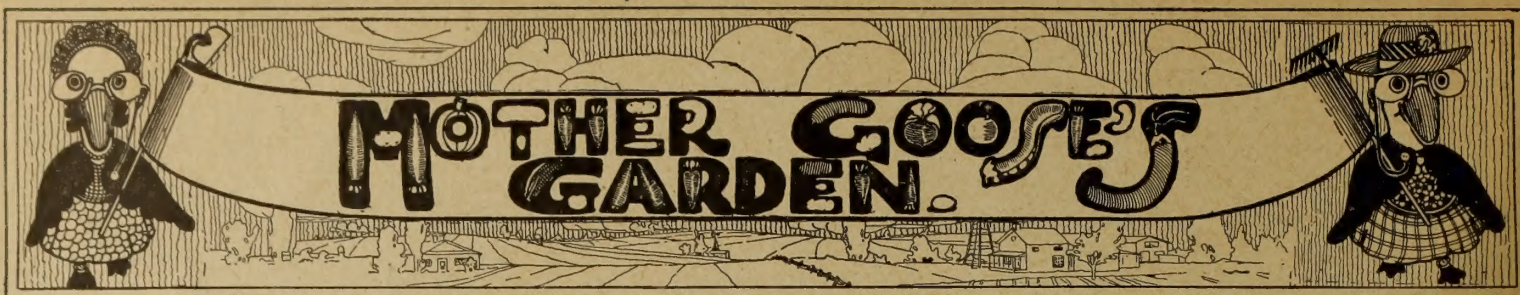
"Not till my garden work is finished," answered Willy. "If I played when I ought to be producing food, why the price of food would soon rise higher than a kite."

"How about giving me an hour?" asked the Spinning Top.



"No, Old Top," said Willy. "Perhaps to-night ; but just now I'm more interested in carrot tops, potato tops, onion tops, and every kind of top that has food growing under it."

"I must refuse your kind invitations, too, Mr. Baseball and Mr. Football. You've had so many knocks, kicks and blows that I know you will have sympathy for the poor people overseas who have been abused by the enemy. That's just the reason why I am growing food. I am too small to shoulder a gun, but I am shouldering a hoe to help my country win the war."



THE CHEST OF GOLD

HENRY KEEN was a boy of fifteen who wanted to earn money to pay his way through College. It was war time ; his parents were poor and could not give him the money he needed. He began to wonder how he could make money. He had read a strange story about pirates who buried a chest of gold in a garden, and it made him think. Might it not be possible that a chest of gold was hidden in his own garden ?

One Saturday afternoon, while he was in the Cobbler shop getting his shoes repaired, he asked the cobbler a queer question : "Do you suppose there is a chest of Gold hidden in my garden ?" The cobbler, a wise old grey-beard who had seen much life, knew boys and he knew gardens. He looked up from his work, and seemed to be puzzled for a moment. He puckered his brow in deep thought ; he smiled, and then he replied in a most kindly manner : "Yes, my Son, there is a chest of gold in your garden, if you will but dig for it."

The Boy laced on his boots in a jiffy and he ran home in twenty seconds. Out of the Woodshed he quickly brought a spade and he began to dig vigorously in the Garden. He dug deep ; he dug long ; he dug fast, until soil had been turned. He found sixteen rusty nails, twenty hundred angle spade did not clang buried Gold. He disgusted and

Next day, in every muscle, glum face, he went wise old cobbler.

cobbler shop and complaint : "You were wrong ; there was no chest of buried gold in our Garden."

"My Son," spoke the cobbler calmly, slowly and very kindly, "put some good seed in that Garden of yours, look after it well, and there'll be a chest of gold there when the summer comes."

The Lad did as he was directed. Every spare minute found him working in his Garden. He was a very busy "Soldier of the Soil." The Garden thrived. The vegetables and berries grew large and excellent. His health grew better. In a short time he had sold many dollars' worth of vegetables to the neighbors. By Express he was soon sending strawberries, celery, and radishes to a nearby city every day. He grew many vegetables, and he also grew a very fat bank account. Finally, at the end of the Season, when he counted up all the money he had received for his garden produce, he found that he had a very nice little "Chest of Gold" to pay his way for his first year at College. Every Summer after that the Garden grew so well that it kept him in College. At the College he told the boys about his buried "Chest of Gold." Many of them profited by the idea and worked on farms during the Summer vacation. They found that it was very profitable, as well as patriotic, to help their country by helping themselves.

